

ILLUMINATION

E. S. BUCHANAN

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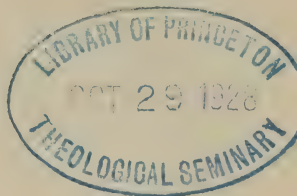
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ILLUMINATION

By

✓
E. S. BUCHANAN

(*Author of "Peregrination"*)



DOMINUS ILLUMINATIO MEA — PSALM XLIX.

Art thou a Roman? See thou rule the world!
Thine arts be these: In making way for peace,
Spare the down-trodden; harry the proud to death!

—AENEID VI. ll. 851-3.

Ye have heard it said, *An eye for an eye.*

But I say unto you, Love the spirits of the men who
serve malignant spirits.

—S. MATT. V. 38, 39.

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DEDICATORY EPISTLE

(TO EDWARD F. SMITH, ESQ.)

Cogito: ergo sum, declares Descartes,
“ I think and therefore still do play my part,”
Like Hamlet perhaps a sad one, ne’ertheless
I curse not men but rather hope to bless,
Although an Oxford lecturer has cried,
“ That fellow’s place should be in Sunnyside! ”
The man who finds in Holy Writ a flaw
Is likely to be smitten on the jaw
By Protestant and Jesuit alike,
By Jews and the compatriots of Mike!
Men hold the Scripture like the Trojan horse
Dropped down from Heav’n just for their own race-
course.

Therefore it is to be held sacrosanct,
And he who counts its teeth is hardly thanked.

In New York City ignorance abounds,
While giddy pleasure runs its merry rounds,
Our city police from Ireland are derived,
But, sad to say, they never are long lived.
Our churches are magnificent to view,
Our saints—the truth to tell—extremely few.
The Paulist Fathers preach against the times,
And Cardinal Hayes puts birth control with crimes.
The Protestant Episcopal divines
Start back from Bishop Manning who inclines
To union with Rome without the Pope,—

An union for which there's little hope.
In the other sects a constant discord reigns:
They quarrel like our Sarahs and our Janes.

For fourteen years I've watched for one to rise
Like Lincoln and give our blind leaders eyes—
One who could rule with honest heart this city,
And on the crooks and grafters have no pity,
One who could rid the sidewalks of their litter,
And make the lot of subway crowds less bitter;
One who could be a father and a leader,
And not a lobbyist or special pleader.
The Powers above in suffering things to be
That make the name of Justice mockery,
Have willed that only they the fight should win
To whom great grace is given to meet great sin.

The days in which we live make men despond;
The future's darkly hidden, and beyond
This little life, no hope of heaven appears,
To cheer the wanderer in his later years.
To such this head of mine (deemed "cracked") would
say:

Whate'er we do we must not cease to pray.
The men, whom evil spirits rule, may mock;
Prayer keeps man's feet firm planted on the rock;
That rock is Christ, the only rock we know
On which who stands no storm can overthrow.

New York,
February 17, 1928.

AD MATREM MEAM

*The early lessons that I learned
Around thy knee
Are with me as the winds tear off
Leaves from the tree.*

*Thy head was often bent in prayer
For this thy child;
For he was born a thoughtless thing,
Wayward and wild.*

*Once he beheld two shining tears
Roll down thy cheek,
Because some words, that were not true,
You heard him speak.*

*As you went from my sight I caught
The smile that I
Treasure until we meet again
Beyond the sky.*

*The world has proved a thorny place
E'er since to me;
But thou hast always eased my pain
With thoughts of thee.*

*Few have I found inclined to speak
Of Heaven, or Christ;
Most act as though this passing scene
Their need sufficed.*

*From thy clear gaze no clouds of earth
The sky could screen;
And in thine eyes a light there gleamed
From worlds unseen.*

*My darkness now is not all dark;
Some rays shine through,
Some words of tenderness and love,
That come from you;*

*Some exhortations to be calm,
When tempests blow,
Since suffering is the scheme of things
By which men grow;*

*Some strong supportings of thy child,
Ready to faint,
Which do his tempted soul with Christ's
Sweet grace acquaint;*

*Some whispers that the expected time
Will not be long;
That any day may bring the exchange
Of sigh for song.*

*How glad am I the way is short
To thine abode,—
To that eternal sphere where thou
Dost dwell with God.*

New York City,
April 10, 1928.

PROLOGUE

The rain drops from the roof in rhythmic drops
That measure as a pendulum my days—
My fleeting days that once I deemed would bear
The onset of the years, nor yield to time—
All sounds of London's crowded streets subside
Here in this royal burg of Windlesor,
Where snowy swans slide on the silver Thames,
And Eton's towers gleam painted 'gainst the sky
(Twixt Windlesor and Staines was Magna Charta
Sealed in the year twelve hundred and fifteen),
Debarred from sleep I listen to the owl,
The same heard by the Duke of Normandy
When night o'ertook him building the vast pile
Now frowning like a bastion o'er the land.
Along this winding waterway from London,
The path to the invader, William came
And built these towers to hold the Britons back.

The soul grows stiller as the years go by,
Less restless than in youth's adventurous days
More meditative and more full of wonder,—
Admiring how night passes into day,
Winter to summer with such noiseless gait;
Exploring shapes of leaves and tints of flowers,
Dwelling on daisies and on dandelions,

Reflecting on the redness of the rose,
And greatly wondering at the wandering clouds.
It muses on the folly of mankind,
Misled by teachers blind as we are blind.
By slow degrees we come unto ourselves,
Discard the formula that bars our sight,
And see God's love within our mother's eyes,—
That loved and first epiphany divine,—
Later in Christ, who died upon the cross,
The final revelation to the race.
And as our steps approach the ocean's verge
With wistful gaze we search the boundless sea,
Seeking the source from which our spirits came,
Eager for new adventures and new worlds!

Three weeks I have been wrestling day by day,
Beneath the dome of London's vast Museum,
With an old manuscript containing songs,
Sung by St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan,
Ere Alfred reigned and good King Ethelbert,—
Songs of our fathers whom the Romans taught
To speak their stately phrase in psalm and prayer.

Our island story tells us how St. Paul
Set foot in Glastonbury's ancient shrine,
Of which the vast foundations still remain,
A witness to the world-wide zeal for Christ!
The mighty ruler of the East and West
Known to mankind as Constantine the Great
Was British-born of noble Roman sire.

His mother was of Boadicea's race,
Of Eboracum, which we now call York;
To him we owe with Hosius of Cordova
The statement of the Deity of Christ
Set forth at Nice to meet the Arian lie,
Confirmed at Chalcedon, a barrier thrown
Like Hadrian's wall to bar the heathen hordes
From trampling down the vineyard of the Lord.
These Latin hymns that our forefathers knew
Enshrine the fact that God came down to earth,
And lived our life of struggle with the foe,
Our pent-in life so painful to endure,
Our loneliness, our languor, and our longing.
These writers told their heart's desire to Christ,
And looked to Him for strength to overcome
Whatever foes the enemy might raise;
To Him they prayed when pain was hard to bear.

O Centre of their worship, and their Hope,
Be to their children all Thou wert to them!
Support us by the grace on which they leaned
To foil the hater of the human race,
And to the days that he has darkened give
Some glimpses of the light in which Thou art!

Years five and fifty has my bark been driven
Across the storm-swept sea of human life,
And many shipwrecks have these eyes beheld,
Comrades engulfed and sinking at my side,
No hope but Christ—but Christ dying for men
Who must die in the dark without His love.

Take Christ away, and when our youth is spent
There is no haven from impending death,
Nor any solace for the world-sick soul,
Nothing remains but the empty praise of men,
Their foolish pride and pitiful pretence.
They tell us we are apes of larger growth,
We heed it not, so sure are we of God.
They tell us we are allied to chimpanzees;
We smile as children smile at fairy tales,
We who have drunk His Gospel music in,
So sure of spirit and so sure of Christ.
This little life must reach beyond the grave,
Seeing we but begin and then are gone,
Learn love and straightway leave the loved one's side.
Why hurried hence if heaven awaits us not?
Why dowered with love if death that love destroy?
The soul within us rises up in wrath.
Love that gives all its glory to the soul
Holds in itself its immortality.
We would not value life if this were all,
For if the tomb should round our suffering day,
Who would not haste to leave it and its pain?
What holds us steadfast but the expectation
Of better things to be, of beauty, love
Kept out of sight until the spirit grows
Conscious of unseen things and of their worth,
Grows capable of joy that Heaven can give?
A Heaven must be to draw our wavering steps,
Or else we care not how our life is smirched.
Love must outlive the darkness of the tomb

To make it not lost time to love at all.
The best assurance that love never dies
Lies in the fact that Christ is with us still,
Strengthening the soul to fight against the foe
Assuring us that He has passed through death.

Windsor, England,

September 1, 1927.

MAN'S NATURE

Let us go back in thought to time before
This world was sent to spin upon its round,
Before the seas were made or mountains piled,
Before the first grass grew upon the earth,
Before mankind had built a single house.
In the beginning was the Love that wrought
By strictest measure and with tireless strength,
Measuring the sunbeam into colored sevenths,
Bidding the planets run and weary not.
Man's eye that sees the starry spheres revolve
Has proof of the almightiness of God.
And then man asks the question of himself :
Is there behind that Power an equal Love?
The vast provision for man's little life,
Seen in the constitution of the earth,
Should answer yes to every thoughtful mind.
The very structure of the human race
Proclaims a multiplicity of plans
In the short course that life draws out to death.
To add to human comfort and repose
The fitting each to each of man and woman
In capabilities of soul and body,
The sweetness linked with love of spouse or child,
The common duties of the daily life,
Imparting to the home its happiness,
Lead all who think to associate love with God.
The thought of kindness infinite existing

Behind the trials none can e'er escape,
Prompts man to look for rapture more enduring
When he has crossed the narrow stream of death.

But most of all the soul of man draws strength
From help in need experienced in the past.
We live and learn the lovingness of God;
We live and learn His never-failing grace.
We pass through sicknesses that threaten life,
We live through pains that wither up our thought,
We seem to die, are stripped of leaves and flowers,
Then suddenly we grow to fuller life.
These wonders every soul of man has known,
These springs and winters, deaths and resurrections,
One hour in deep despair, the next in bliss;
Long days of darkness with no glimpse of light,
Followed by nights and days of sweet content.
Thus are we taught the truth that death and life
Are but the phases of the soul's advance
Toward the final changelessness of God.

O that I once past changing were! is the cry
Of every soul that feels its peace has gone,
And shivering enters into clouds and storms.
*"Man that is born of woman (one has said)
Is full of trouble. Like a summer flower
He groweth up and is cut down. He never
Continues in one stay."* From change to change
We pass in quick succession, nor can tell
What waits us on the morrow, joy or grief.

The Stoics held that man should end his life
When life had lost the radiance of its youth.
They saw no good in human suffering,
No purpose in the pain through which we pass,
The followers of Epicurus wallowed
In pleasures as the swine do in the mud,
Extinguishing the soul's desire for God.
The Pharisees were hypocrites and thieves
And in the name of God ate widows' houses.
The Sadducees declared that men like rats
When dead were dead nor e'er should live again.
The noblest of the Romans, Cicero,
Held the assurance from the Holy Spirit
That he should meet the child he loved again,
For souls he said were indestructible.
The bard Horatius thought that he like Ennius
Would live again upon the lips of men,
Dreamed of a coronation by the Muses,
Such as the Roman Church gives to the Virgin.
None knew who hailed Augustus as their God
That on the earth in truth their God was come.
The year in which Augustus Caesar taxed
The province of Judaea stands distinct,
Annus mirabilis, the wondrous year,
In which the Saviour of the world was born,
The light of human spirits, and the joy
Of all who travel on life's common way.

All teaching that the Holy Spirit gave,
By Christ was re-affirmed. All ancient error
Received its condemnation, and its authors

Were shewn to men as spirits serving Satan.

We have a need of light who dwell in darkness;
We are too cribbed and cabined and confined
To reach a hand out through the bars and seize
The hand of God unless God comes to help us.

This light we need shone ere the Saviour came,
The Holy Spirit's light within the soul. For many
Conceived of justice and of liberty,
As attributes of God ere Christ was born.
Said Marcus Tullius Cicero to his friends:
"This world I deem an inn, and not my home.
O gladsome day when I shall leave this inn
And its defilement, and rejoin my child,
Who waits my coming, which cannot be long."
And when his Stoic friends laughed, "That is error,"
"I choose to err," was his succinct reply,
"Nor will to part with error so delightful."
And in his *Dream of Scipio* he declares:
"For all who serve their country, there remains
In Heaven a sure and certain place, where they
In bliss enjoy life endless with the Gods,
From whom they came and unto whom they go."

And yet his acts declare him still a pagan
In spite of noble words. We see a hardness,
An absence of regard for other's feelings,
No pity had he for a slave or enemy,
Nay, he confesses that his injured feelings,
When Cataline laid plots against his life,

Were much assuaged when Cataline's friends were
strangled,
Himself directing the cruel execution.
"They've had their life," he said, returning home.
His speeches in the Senate gave the praise
To Jupiter and himself for saving Rome:
"Crown me, ye conscript fathers, as the peer
Of Romulus, the founder of our city.
He built these walls, this temple raised to Jove.
Both have I saved and merit equal glory."

Self-praise, our copy-books declared, could bring
No commendation. Otherwise the Romans
Believed and taught, for loudly their own fame,
Caesar and Cicero—Horatius also—
Have trumpeted to their posterity.
Nothing will they admit against themselves.
No fault of judgement, no misapprehension,
No act is mentioned if it doth not add
To their already heaven-kissing glory.
The books they wrote were writ to praise themselves.
Did Caesar ever laud the Gauls he slew?
Did he not call them treacherous and cruel?
The Britons fighting with the Gauls in France,
And nobly fighting, drew upon their heads
His wrath and brought him to the cliffs of Dover
To take revenge upon them. When he found
The island warriors hard to overcome,
He blamed his non-success upon a tempest
That wrecked the ships that held his cavalry.

The British Isles were afterward invaded
By Claudius, more a friend than foe, who founded
A Roman colony and built the baths
At Bath, in Somerset, where rose the Church
Of vast dimensions, Glastonbury's glory,
Where hymns were sung to Christ, the crucified,
In walls of stone built vast and cruciform.
The British Christians used no sacraments;
These were imported years five hundred later
By St. Augustine sent to Canterbury
From Gregory, the Pope, to Italianize
The ancient church of Patrick and Pelagius.

The City Rome was founded seven, five, three;
And its dominion was the rule of might;
The founder's first act was to kill his brother,
As Cain killed Abel in the Jewish legend.
Seven kings had Rome. The early kings were good;
Some went to Jove before they tasted death.
The latter showed declension, and the last,
A tyrant, was expelled. Two consuls ruled,
And by their valour annexed Italy,
And Rome became the empress of the west.
Her strongest foe was Carthage, whose great son,
Dire Hannibal, in three pitched battles routed
The Roman armies, having crossed the Alps,
A marvelous feat of military prowess;
Had he been strongly backed by all his nation,
He perhaps had changed the history of the world;
For then the Church of Rome had ne'er existed,
Nor Spain and Britain e'er been subjugated
By emissaries from the Holy City.

The year that Constantine met Arius
In solemn conclave with three hundred bishops,
And with his tutor, Hosius, at his side
Repelled the onset of the foes of Christ,
Should be inscribed in flaming characters
Upon the banners of the Christian host.
The scene was Nice, near to the Dardenelles,
In the year of grace three hundred twenty-five.

The East had undermined the Word of God,
Had changed the early text that truly stated
The Deity of Christ, had pared away
The Glory of God's son, Who shewed to men
The Spirit of His Father, from Whom came
Our spirits that return to Him again.
Arius denied the Son of God had been
From everlasting in the Father's love,
The prophet of man's misery dared proclaim:
"Christ was created as are other men."
The gangrene of this heresy had spread
From Alexandria in the Grecian tongue
Through all the East. The Latin-speaking nations
In the West of Europe, sane and unaffected,
Fought under Britain's lead against the serpent
That poisoned human joy where'er it came.
They stood and fought the wolf that tore the flock
Of Christ's first followers, who found the cure
For all man's past despairing in the fact
That God Himself in Christ had come to save them.
O work of men who hate their race and kin!
O cruel theft of medicine from the dying!

O scheme forged in the workshop of the devil,
Contrived by man's arch enemy to defraud him
Of all his comfort in the Almighty Christ,
Who died to draw the whole wide world to God,
How longer yet wilt thou torment mankind?

The Greek Philosophy of Aristotle
Casts obloquy on woman. Even Plato
Was oriental in the place he gave her,—
Or rather in the lack of place, in his *Republic*,
Assigned to women. Saith Simonides:
“A deadlier evil Jove ne'er gave the world
Than woman.” Chrysostom declared the devil,
When he had taken all Job's goods away,
Left him his wicked wife. Of Epictetus,
The words on woman bear not repetition.
Juno in Virgil is the devil himself:
And all the plagues that light on Æneas' head
Derive from her. The Furies all were women.
The Jewish folk-lore traced man's sin to Eve.
Jacob was taught deception by his mother;
Delilah was the snare of simple Samson;
And Ahab owed his crimes to Jezebel;
No Jewish Rabbi wasted words on women;
And Christ amazed His followers by instructing
A *woman* of Samaria, who demanded
If only a Jerusalem God heard
The prayers of sinful men. To whom He answered:
*God is a Spirit, and in every place
He should be prayed to by the Holy Spirit.*

The early heretics who forged the *Homilies*,
Under the name of Clement, called Saint Peter's pupil,
Were wont to teach that woman was all evil,
While man, apart from her, was wholly good.

Our modern Anglo-Catholic celibates,
Contrasting Luther and his sad conversion
With Saint Augustine's happy abstinence
When Christianized, from woman's love, inform us
That Luther was converted unto lust,
Augustine unto purity. We laugh.
Who are the men that kept the world in thrall,
And blighted many a young unfolding life,
And taught men to use women for their pleasure,
And not as fellow heirs and fellow saints?
The Essenes did at first, who blasphemed Christ,
And they have followers, men who think of God
As only to be worshipped by tradition,
And not by living contact, day by day
With the Holy Spirit, Who inspires with love
Both men and women's spirits that together
They may give thanks to the Author of their lives,
And Giver of the brightness of the soul.

The coming down to earth of Jesus Christ
Saved woman from her long imprisoned state,
And gave her the same liberty as man.
Mary and Martha, who were slaves, received
The self-same love as Peter, James and John.
Their brother Lazarus was restored to life,
To disconcert a slave-despising world.

A certain man (hear what the Lord said) feasted
Daily with friends, while daily in his sight
His old and worn out slave, named Lazarus,
Lay slowly dying covered o'er with sores,
No more regarded than would be a rat,
Except that no one knocked him on the head
To end his suffering life. His master's voice
Was ne'er addressed to him, for he was helpless
And could not do his bidding any more.
His master's dogs, whom he once used to tend,
Showed more affection than his fellow men
And came and licked his sores. All sorrow has
Its end. The old slave died. His spirit fled
From gloomy street to gleaming sky, from scorn
Of men to God's great consolation. His master
In course of time died also. His surprise
Was great to see his slave no more a slave,
But one among the joyous sons of God,
Who on the Holy Spirit's bidding wait.

"O Abraham," he cried, "O Father Abraham!
Send Lazarus to my house to warn my brothers
That they come not to this depraved assembly
Of men without compassion; of whom was I
When every day I feasted unconcerned
While Lazarus lay in suffering in my sight."
"Son (came the answer) if they mock God's prophet,
Who testifies to them the Father's love,
They will not listen to your simple Lazarus,
Nor credit his experience of bliss
As being now a partner in the glory

Of those whom the Holy Spirit has set free
From earthly' ills that evil spirits heap
Upon the spirits of men beloved of God,—
They are too proud to listen to a slave."

In mixing with the world we have had proof
How true it is that men despise as false
Christ's teaching that God has prepared a place
For those who suffer in this lower earth,
A place of love and sympathy and joy,
Where sin and sorrow may not enter in,
Nor any eye again be dimmed by tears.

And yet my mother often told her children
That such a place God had for them prepared.
Was it delusion? Sane she was in most things,
Was she insane in this? How came the thought
Of something after death to obsess her mind?
To become a part of all she said and did?
How could she die with such serenity,
Such strong assurance that she would not lose
Her children from her sight, nor they lose her?
Commanding them with her last breath to love
Each other as she'd loved them and would love;
Assuring them, that though from sight withdrawn,
Her presence would be theirs by night and day
Until they too should pass to where she was.

O vain philosophy of foolish men!
Why have ye robbed the world of Heaven and Christ?
Why do we let the life that God has given

Be thus bereft of its best consolation?
Surely an enemy hath done this thing,
An enemy who hates the sons of men.
Join man to God and all his fears depart;
Supported by God's grace he cannot fail
To attain at last the life for which he longs,
Exempt from hate and satisfied with love.
Disjoined from God, man falls an easy prey
To love of self and self-aggrandisement,
Which the enemy proposes as his goal.
"Had I but served my God, and not the King,
I would not find myself at last forsaken;
Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate you.
Snares have ye been to bring me to confusion."
Did not the greatest of our England's nobles
Thus once exclaim? And has not Christ proclaimed
That they are held in evil spirits' toils
Who use God's gift of life for their own glory?

Had we a thousand years to live on earth
We might attempt to build ourselves a palace,
Or raise to heaven a tower high as Babel,
But since this earth of ours we merely visit,
And our departure take ere many days,
What need have we of more than pilgrim's wallet,
And pilgrim's dress, and pilgrim's tent to dwell in?
The avarice of mankind's a bitter fact
For those who think the world is growing better.

The less man thinks on God, the less he prays;
And those who cease to pray yield to despair.

Prayer is the heart-throb of the healthy soul;
Prayer is the power of life at war with death;
For if we pray not night and day we perish.
O foolish man, in dungeon dark immured,
And having, but not using, the sure key
That could throw open wide the dungeon's door!
A prayer can save thee if thou wilt but pray.
Thy Father made the world and all therein;
Thy Father can supply thine every want;
Thy Father can dispel the evil spirits,
Who come between His loving smile and thee.
Wherefore dost thou despair when help is near,
And God omnipotent is on thy side?

We should not look on this world as a place
In which to starve our weaker brother out,
Nor seek for eminence among mankind
By heaping up the largest pile of gold.
How many see unmoved one pinched with want,
Or shut their heart against his hungry face!
Once I was in a New York restaurant,
On one of those chill, windy zero days,
When winter wraps protect not from the cold.
The door swung open and a man came in,
With no great coat, attired in poorest rags.
He begged a cup of coffee, but was told
"Get out of here" by the sleek, well-fed landlord.
He then turned to the guests, held out a hand
Before each one, a skinny nervous hand,—
I thought it was an artist's, or a poet's,—
Ere he marched out again with rapid step.

Among some forty comfortably clad,
Only myself seemed moved with any pity.
We have grown hardened by the sight of woe,
As soldiers are, they say, by sight of blood.
Why should we feast, as in the days gone by,
With Lazarus lying hungry in our sight?
Dining with London's merchants I was wont
To eat what would have kept a month a poor man,
While out of doors within short distance children,
With naked feet and tattered cast-off clothes,
Pressed frost-nipped noses to the baker's window,
Hungry for bread to save them from the grave.

"Are there not work-houses for such?" said Scrooge;
"Are there not prisons, penitentiaries?
Have we no charitable institutions?"
Too many have we with their *Sergeant Bumbles*,
Who treat the poor with less regard than pigs.
Nay, "Pigs is pigs; but paupers, they is paupers";
What have we done to men born in God's image?
Take physic, pomp,—let's listen to the bard—
Expose yourselves to feel what wretches feel,
That ye may shake your superflux to them,
And prove the Heavens more just. What physic, pray?

Sola divina (saith the poet) *salvandus*
Sum medicina, which translated is,
Salvation can be mine by physic all divine;
No earth-born medicine selfishness can check.

All this, man knows—has heard *ad nauseam*;

And yet he *acts* as though he knew it not ;
And suffering all his low desires to reign,
These make his life a slavery worse than death.

The thirst for gold destroys the thirst for God ;
They cannot co-exist, one kills the other.
The world helps not the man who seeks the light,
Has always starved the searchers after truth
And hunted down the men who tell it them.
For lies man is all fire ; to truth all ice.

God is upbraided for not making plain
His purpose in creating this cruel world.
What are the facts? God sent His only Son
To publish, e'en to slaves, the Father's love.
The record of that love was written down
By men who followed Christ from day to day,
Shared in the hardships that He underwent,
Saw Him walk on the sea and raise the dead,
Wept when the Scribes put Him untried to death,
Were reassured when He appeared again,
Shewed them His glory, promised them His presence,
What time their souls should follow Him to Heaven,
Then vanished from their eyes, not from their vision.
Henceforth they lived in rapturous remembrance
Of words He told them and of actions done,
Hoping each day would come the call to follow
Their Lord and Saviour to His Father's home.

What did the rulers do, appointed guides
By man's decrees and human ordination?

They made the Lord of glory like themselves,
Put curses in His mouth, Hell on His lips,
Made Him appear a zealous Jewish Rabbi,
Who tells His followers to avoid the Gentiles,
And give their sole attention unto Israel.
His great and glorious *universal* Gospel,—
That led Him to call back to life a slave,
And not a Roman Emperor or poet,—
They scribbled o'er with childish tribal legends
Of Jonah and the whale, and Lot's salt wife,
Made the world's Saviour favour two Apostles,
And on them found a church and ancient priesthood,
To traffic in God's gift of life eternal.

And then our wise philosophy blames God;
Opines if God had spoken 'twould be *clearly*;
And since man has defaced Christ's glorious message,
Concludes that God has never spoken at all.
O God, Thou must be patient, more than patient,
To bear with man's perversity and sin.
He will not have Thy gifts and entertainment,
He would much rather entertain himself;
He will not come to that Eternal Banquet
Thou has prepared beyond the bars of death;
He thinks that earth has better gifts than Thine,
Wallows in mire and slights the stars in heaven.

GREAT REFORMERS

Glory the angels gave the Father of spirits,
Glory the Saviour of spirits (the Holy Ghost),
And glory unto Christ; for They would save
The spirits of mankind from evil spirits,
Who in the short course birth draws out to death,
Do daily hate us, tempt us and afflict us.
Who does not live in hope of his deliverance?
Who does not feel his life beset with hatred?
Who is not conscious of continual thwarting
In his attempts to serve and honour God?
Who is not dogged by foes that sow suspicion
And doubt and fear in every honest mind?
Miled Othello murders Desdemona,—
The Indian throws away the priceless pearl,
And then exclaims: Demand this demi-devil
Why he hath thus ensnared my body and soul?
This “moving why” is what Christ came to show,
And has He not shown in His crucifixion
That Satan is behind the crimes men do,
And given a picture of the power of hate
(Not native to the human heart) injected
As poisons are by asps’ and vipers’ tongues?
These poisons linger in the mind of man,
As fevers in the blood, and come to head
When other foes attack the citadel,
And hence men say that troubles ne’er come singly,
But in battalions. Happy he who knows
The methods of his enemy; and seeks,

When evil spirits press upon his life,
The Holy Spirit's help to save his spirit;
For none can stand against the foe alone.

It is the foe himself who blinds mankind
To his existence, nay philosophy
Will swear there is no devil, laugh at those
Who fling their ink-pots at him, as did Luther,
The mighty Luther in his sore distraction;
Philosophy will save the human race
From evils past and future, but is powerless
To save from present evils. Romeo says,
Hang up philosophy, when his dear Juliet
Goes where philosophy has no wings to follow.
Man has been ever plagued by dreams distorted,
Graved on his mind by pen of foes unseen.
How different would the grisly form of death
Appear to us if we believed that Christ,
The Father's Son and Image of the Father,
Sent down from Heaven, to Heaven had returned,
And will our spirits guide to where He dwells.

What are we saved from by our God and Saviour?
From what redeemed by our Divine Redeemer?
Is it from Hell hereafter? Then our death-bed
Is not too late to compound a deliverance.
Is it from wandering from the fold of Christ?
Then in the Church's pale is found salvation.
Is it from ethical declension, crime
Or anti-social debt, that mars man's peace?
Diogenes then in his tub was saved,

And good Saint Laurence on his ghastly grid.
Salvation! O Salvation! (sings the poet)
O'er all the earth proclaim the joyful sound,
Until Messiah's Name all nations hear!
That Name has long been published to the nations
By Bibles, sent with rifles and with rum
By men who sit in endless English comfort,
Their slippered feet upon a hand-worked cushion,
And preach Salvation by the printing-press,
Turning out Holy Bibles, which in turn
Will save the world wherever they are sent!

And we can hear the devil laughing loudly,
To see how well his teaching has borne fruit;
In God's Name every crime of his begins,
For man by nature looks on words of God
As having special warrant for belief.
Therefore ensued the prime work of the devil,
To change the Words of Christ to suit his ends,
To eliminate the Holy Spirit's grace,
And substitute the sacraments of men.
He found in Damascus and Saint Jerome
Two agents for rewriting the whole Gospel;
Unwitting agents, perhaps, but surely agents.
Cogis me novum opus facere, says Jerome,
You force me a new Gospel to endite,
To substitute a young man for a grey beard.
They'll call me *falsifier*, What care I?
Tu summus sacerdos fieri iubet,
Thou, the High Priest, commandest it to be done.
And thence (till Luther came) a whole millennium

The church, that claimed all power in Heaven and earth,
Divorced the Holy Spirit from the Gospels.
O great and noble soul, the Holy Spirit
In thee was powerful. Thou didst stand alone
Against the fury of all Europe's prelates,
Nor pope, nor king, could daunt thy deathless spirit,
Nor could the foe malignant beat thee down.
The King of England thou didst set at naught
Through thine allegiance to a Higher King.
The utmost need of man is not for bread,
But for assurance of his Maker's love.
The sheep and ox are satisfied with grass
On which in careless bliss they ruminate,
But man is apprehensive of the future,
And bears the bitter memory of the past.
Put out his eyes, he still desires the sun,
Prison his mind, it struggles to get free.
He wants and must have the support of God,
Or else his life goes out in dark despair.

This world's strange doings should convince the dullest
That traps and gins are found on every side.
The newspapers abound in suicides—
So common are they that we scarce regard them.
What drives men to despondency and death?
The suffering they are made to undergo?
By whom? *Sometimes* (you say) *by faithless friends.*
Who makes them faithless? *Faulty education.*
How comes this state of things that we neglect
To guard our boys and girls from suicide?
The author of all vice persuades our teachers

That without God men grow good of themselves,
And owe no thanks to the Lord God Almighty.
Let every tub stand firm on its own bottom:
Stop praying to thy God and help thyself;
Science has proved the foolishness of prayer.
Put money in thy purse is the first commandment;
The second like it—Each man for himself.

What means the throng that from the years long silent
Send messages of love to aid their race?
The throng of those who in the bitter conflict
Held to the Hand stretched out by God to save;
And holding thus drew others to that Refuge,
The sole and only Refuge that deludes not,—
The Rock of Ages—proof against all tempests?

Foremost among that throng is Martin Luther,
The fiery-hearted man with flashing eyes,
Lovable for his courage and his kindness,
And his devotion to his Lord and Master,
Whom ere he would deny, or change His Gospel,
Ready he was to be burned ten times over.

Spirit must speak to spirit, God to man!
How else can we believe the spoken word?
The words of men are nothing, of no weight;
For what is man but a poor feeble creature,—
Misled, misguided, misinformed, mistaken,—
Menaced on every side by subtle foes,
Whereas the word of God has built the world;
He spake and it was done, the Scripture saith.

The word of God to Luther was the Bible
But not the Bible separate from the Spirit,
The Holy Spirit, Who attests the Gospel.
Under the Spirit's guidance he rejected
Whole books of Holy Scripture, called them straw,
And finding in them nothing of Christ's teaching,
Excluded them from genuine Holy Writ.

In this we see the soul of the Reformer,
Nay, of the movement called the Reformation;
The final judge of truth is not the Pope,
Nor church tradition, nor continuity;
It is the Holy Spirit, Who is able
To give for discord peace, for hatred love,
For doubt conviction, and for weakness strength.
Such power belonging to the Holy Spirit,
He is the only Teacher man requires.
Those whom the Spirit teaches think alike
On God, on man, and on the world to come;
Those whom the Spirit teaches foil the foe,
That blinds, enslaves and hates the sons of men;
Those whom the Spirit teaches seek not fame,
But pray for grace to glorify their Lord;
Those whom the Spirit teaches have compassion,
And comfort men the world has stripped and beaten;
Those whom the Spirit teaches thirst and hunger
For Heaven's glory and the Father's Home;
Those whom the Spirit teaches are encouraged
By angel spirits gone to Christ before them,
Who from their dwelling place of light and glory
Fly o'er the earth, with messages of love.

The sixteenth century gave us Martin Luther,
Archbishop Cranmer and Hugh Latimer,
Sir Philip Sidney and Sir Thomas More;
The seventeenth John Milton and John Bunyan;
The eighteenth gave George Whitefield and the
Wesleys;
The nineteenth sent us Lamartine and Lincoln;
The twentieth century waiteth for its prophets!

When England had for King its Merry Monarch,
A tinker out of Bedford was the means
Of bringing light to many a darkened spirit—
John Bunyan lay for twelve years in a prison,
And there was used by God to preach His glory,
Attainable by triumph in this world
O'er goblins, giants and the dread Apollyon,
In *Grace Abounding* we are shown the conflicts
Our hero went through ere he came to peace.
So real were his encounters with the devil,
He almost felt him tugging at his coat tails!
The blasphemies, that rushed into his mind,
In stout resistance he would clap his hand
Upon his chin to keep his mouth from uttering.
He wished he were a beast, a bird, a fish,
For they were not exposed to such temptations.

Another time when he was ill and weak
The tempter vexed him sore, whose tactics are
To assault the soul when near its dissolution.
He laboured hard to hide from him God's goodness,
And set the pains of Hell before his eyes.

But just as he was sinking in the slough,
The word that told how angels carried Lazarus
Into God's glory came into his mind.
*"This (says he) sweetly did revive my spirit,
And help me to hope on in God."* Another
Experience hear. *"I was quite well,
When suddenly a dark cloud fell upon me,
Which hid from me the things of God and Christ
As though I ne'er had known them in my life,
And then my soul was straightway overrun
With such a senseless, heartless frame of spirit
I could not feel my soul to move or stir
After the grace and life that are by Christ.
It was as if my loins had been broken,
Or hands and feet been tied and bound with chains.
After I had in this condition been
Some three or four days, sitting by the fire
I suddenly heard these words in my heart,
To Jesus I must go. At this my darkness
Did flee away and Heaven's view came back.
Wife, (said I) is there ever such a Scripture,
To Jesus I must go. She could not tell.
But after I had mused two or three minutes,
The Scripture words came bolting in upon me,
To an innumerable company
Of angels, and—to Jesus ye are come!
And then with joy I told my wife, 'I know!'
That night was a good night to me; I scarce
Could lie in bed for joy, and peace, and triumph.
Blessed be God for having mercy on me."*

Such is the history of his spirit's struggle
 With the cruel enemy of human souls,
 Told in a simple and heart-moving language
 By one who earned his daily bread by labour,
 One of a class not greatly given to visions,
 Too busy keeping body and soul together,
 Exempt by hard work from man's idle fancies;
 Plain, practical and primitively pious,
 The troubled souls of Bunyan and of Luther
 Endured the same fierce onsets of the Tempter,
 Suffered the same afflictions, were delivered
 From their desponding by the same physician.
"I found my own condition in his book
 (The book was Luther's *Comment on Galatians*)
So largely and profoundly handled that
 (The testimony here given is that of Bunyan)
I might have set it down from my own heart."
 The lions we must brave, the dragons fight,
 Apollyon face and conquer ere we reach
 With Greatheart, Diffidence and Feeble-mind
 The gate that opens on our Heavenly Home.

How strong the song that Bunyan gives to Greatheart!
Who would true valour see, let him come hither:
One here will constant be, come wind, come weather,
There's no discouragement—not twelve long years
In Bedford jail—can make him once relent
His first avowed intent to be a pilgrim.
Whoso beset him round with dismal stories
Do but themselves confound, his strength the more is.
No lion can him fright—for Christ is stronger

Than all his foes—he'll with a dragon fight,
But he will have a right to be a pilgrim.
Hobgoblin, nor foul fiend, can daunt his spirit,
He knows he in the end shall life inherit;
Then fancies, flee away,—far, far away,
Nor dim the eye—he'll not heed what men say,
He'll labour night and day to be a pilgrim.

Oft in the silence of the night this song
Has brought back peace when we have lain awake,
Oppressed by thoughts the enemy injects,
Sleepless and troubled, sick in heart and mind.

The *tyranni instantes*, popes and kings,
Were powerless against Luther, could not daunt him;
And so the Justices of Peace in England
Raged vainly against Bunyan, threw him in prison
Where he lay long under the gallows' shadow,
And oft said in his heart before the Lord,
*If I be hanged up presently before their eyes
To awaken and confirm them in the Truth,
I should be glad and be content.* O Greatheart!
Ready at all times to lay down thy life
To seal the Gospel message thou didst give!
What pressed most on his heart was leaving
His poor blind child with no provision made
To shield her from disasters of the world.
*Poor child, thought I, what sorrow art thou like to
have!*

*I saw myself a man who pulled his house down
Upon his wife and children's heads, yet felt,*

*Yet felt that I must do it. And now I thought
Of those two Milch Kine in the Book of Samuel,
Carrying the Ark of God to a far country,
Which had to leave their helpless calves behind them.*

Perpetual banishment! This his sentence read,
For not conforming to the National Worship
O' the Church of England. (I have seen the warrant
For his arrest, 'tis now in New York City.)
At thirty-two he went to Bedford prison,
And there he lay immured for twelve long years.
'Twas Dr. Barlow, of the see of Lincoln,
Procured him his enlargement out of pity
Of his hard lot and patience and ill-usage.
His suffering turned his hair from red to grey,
But bent no whit his tall and upright carriage;
His eagle eye retained its pristine brightness,
And the same smile lurked ever round his mouth.
“*Thou booby! sayst thou nothing but Cuckoo?*”
Thus he apostrophises spring's sweet bird
Which other bards were loud in eulogising,
And likens him to certain country parsons,—
*Thou hast thy fellows! Some like thee can do
Little but suck our eggs and sing Cuckoo!*
No wonder he chastised the English clergy,
For they it was who shut him up in prison,
And yet though suffering greatly at their hands,
He took no part in any insurrection.

Archbishop Laud cut off the ears of Prynne
Which made Prynne seek the death of the Archbishop.

The spirit of him who wrote *The Pilgrim's Progress*
Had drunk too deeply of the mind of Christ
Ever to seek revenge. He knew that sin
Lies not in man himself, but in the devil,
'Twas he incited Cain to murder Abel
And forced the Scribes to crucify the Saviour,
And frightened Pilate lest he should prevent them.
Why should we take revenge upon our fellows?
Why further beat the slaves already beaten,
Already trampled on and subjugated
By man's un pitying foe? Why hate and kill
The already fiercely hated and half-killed?
Christ taught us reverence for life—e'en life of slaves;
Christ put back Judas' ear, cut off by Peter;
Christ prayed for those who nailed Him on the cross;
Yet we go on with executions, following
The law of Moses—not the love of Christ,
And think to stamp out cruelty by cruelty.

Luther resigned his breath at Eisleben,
Aged sixty-two, near where he had been born;
Though threatened with the stake he died in bed,
His vision clear, his soul in death triumphant.
Next year King Henry died, his royal opponent.
Edward reigned six years, his consumptious son;
Then came the tigress of the Roman jungle,
Called Bloody Mary, born of Spanish mother
And father justly called a royal pig.
How fast the Marian deathlist is unrolled!
John Rogers, burnt at Smithfield, led the van,
Than whom the fire set free no braver soul;

The Fourth of February was the date,
The year since Christ's birth 1553.
The next three years until Queen Mary died
(November seventeenth, 1558)
More than three hundred of her subjects suffered,
Among them sixty women and forty children.
The quaint historian, Thomas Fuller, tells us
That the neck question was the real presence
Or what is known as Transubstantiation.

The Romish claim that Christ's real corporal presence
Was in the Sacrament (a downright falsehood,
Incapable of any palliation).
The persecutors urged to snare their victims,
For no true Protestants but would deny it,
Which proved them heretics, and they were burned.
See Latimer and Ridley, two of England's
Most honest, upright, heavenly-gifted sons,
The former an old man worn out by service,
Long labour as a preacher and itinerant,
The latter full of youth's unresting ardour,
A scholar versed in all the ancient writings. . . .
One autumn day in Oxford when the beech trees
Had changed their robe of green for one of crimson,
And all the sheaves were gathered from the meadows,
See these two standing in their long white garments
Bound to the self-same stake with bands of iron,
The populace in silence and in tears.
When Doctor Weston, their fierce persecutor,
Has preached his sermon on the power of love,
The Sheriff signals and a lighted faggot

Is thrown at Ridley's feet. *Be brave, my brother,*
Cries Latimer, *by God's grace we shall kindle*
A torch of inextinguishable flame.
They did not hear the deep sigh of the people,
For in a chariot of fire their spirits
Went up from earth to meet the God they worshipped.

Who killed them? shall we ask? Was it Queen Mary,
Or Cardinal Pole? or Stephen, the Vindictive?
Or must we blame it on the Pope? What think ye?
Who stands the *causa causans* of their death?
Granted it was the devil killed Saint Stephen,
The same cruel foe killed Latimer and Ridley,
Qui fecerit per alium per se fecit,
Employing men to carry out his purpose.
No man possessed of all his faculties,
With vision clear and unobsessed by hate,
Will dip his hands in blood of another man.
The criminal urge comes swiftly down upon us,
Enters in unawares and keeps possession
By holding back the soul divine within,
That fights against the foul usurper's presence
And fain would loose his stifling hold upon us.
The will to murder, all confess *inhuman*,
Something apart from man's primeval nature,
Something not inborn; from outside injected;
Something that always takes us off our guard,
Shocks us at first, though later entertained.

A murderer called Judd Gray, lately pent
In Sing-Sing prison told his moist-eyed counsel

A few hours ere the electric current killed him,
I do not feel that I am criminally minded;
I've made my peace with God and man. My doom
Is just; but what I cannot understand
Is why I did it. Since I came in here,
Nine months ago, I've asked myself the question,
And even now I do not know the answer.

POLEMICS

The soul of man is different from its dress ;
Its dress can be destroyed ; the soul survives ;
Hurried from this world, in the next it lives,
And ever bears the memory of the past.
There is no Lethe, as the Latins fabled,
The actions of the soul, its hate or love,
Deceit or truth, its suffering for Christ
Or for the world, are left impressed upon it
When it returns to God from whom we came.
No good is ever lost, no kindness futile,
No service in the name of Christ is fruitless.
We may not see ^{it} in our earthly days,
But we shall joy in Heaven o'er the harvest.
Why is the service poor, the love so faint,
The gratitude so small, nay, sometimes wanting ?
There must be an impediment to progress ;
For man is groping in the darkness still.
There must be an invisible obstruction,
Or we should climb to higher points of vision.
There must be a real enemy to friendship,
For it so soon is broken into fragments ;
There must be some marauder causing discords,
Making them mar man's most melodious moments.

There was a man ; the London road to Tonbridge
Was well acquainted with his shabby figure.
In nineteen hundred and two I saw him first.

'Twas just outside of the city, where in the past
He'd seen the Judge put on the cap of black
And sentence him to death. He killed his friend,
A bricklayer like himself, one summer day
When both had spent their dinner hour in drinking;
He told me the first time we met the story:
*I did not mean to kill him, 'twas an accident;
The heavy maul I had I raised in anger
When we had quarreled and begun to fight.
He rushed upon me, and the hammer fell
Upon his head, when down he dropped and died.
The jury recommended me to mercy,
As I was only twenty-five and never
Had been in court on any other charge.
Two days before the day of execution
They changed it to imprisonment for life.*

This was his story while I read his paper
Which told how that for five and thirty years
He'd been a convict with an unstained record,
And therefore had been given a ticket of leave.
His hair was grey, his stalwart figure bent
By long hours with the pick and shovel, but
His soul was free from any sense of shame.
He looked me in the face with honest eyes,
And when I smiled, smiled back at me again.
He could not read or write, yet could rehearse
The story of his life in simple language
That touched my heart and made me feel how cruel
Our penal code which takes no count of motives.
He needed but a hoe, he said, for garden work

At Sevenoaks about seven miles from Tonbridge
And twenty-four long miles from London Bridge.
This distance he would walk within a day,
His thirty-five years of incessant labour
Enabled him to march as did the Romans.
I found him later at his destination
And gave him an old coat I had discarded.
He always, when he thanked me, thanked me smiling,
But never could pronounce my name correctly.
I have not met a man with heart more tender,
Nor one more grateful for a word of kindness.
Occasional meetings for ten years continued,
And then my rooms in Chelsea were relinquished.
The night we said good-bye I well remember.
The Mission Hall drew twenty shivering outcasts
To whom the Gospel story was recited,
With him before me in a front-row seat.
His reverent attention never wavered;
The animation in his sad grey eyes
Spread o'er his face and lighted up his visage.
Though clothed in rags, his spirit lived in purple,
And when he said Amen his soul was in it.
Cast out by men as worthless, and debarred
From any public work to earn his living,
Finding a street job, he was soon dismissed,
(Since Cain's black mark each ticket of leave man
carries)
He yet was one of earth's most rare possessions,
A man unbroken by long persecution,
With light within his eyes from other worlds;
Had he been put to death, my life had wanted

The bloom that grew upon this blasted tree,
Which shewed me man though utterly neglected,
Nay, trampled on by other men, can flourish,
Can blossom, and bear fruit unto his Maker.

The learned Doctor Isaac Watts has written :
*Unseen by us, a flight of demons sit
On every sailing cloud.—Ten thousand arrows
They shoot at wretched men, headed with pain,
With sorrow, infamy, disease and death.*

The Doctor's picture is somewhat too poetic ;
It sets our persecutors in the clouds.
John Bunyan felt the devil at his coat tails,
And Martin Luther threw his ink-pot at him.
John Milton tells us for our consolation
That God has long ago cast Satan headlong,
To dwell in adamant chains and penal fire,
A consummation devoutly to be wished !
But if we seek the *truth* from our experience,
Unmoved by Milton's over-joyful tidings,
We must admit man's enemy still is active,
And shows no sign of any weakened vigour.
He still frequents the haunts and homes of men,
Nor does he shoot his arrows at haphazard,
But winds his way into our inmost being,
Bringing his coldness with him and his darkness,
Bringing his hate of Father, Son, and Spirit,
And all who on those Blessed Ones do call.

Join man to God, and he is well and happy ;
Disjoin him, and his misery begins.
Ennui pursues him, which men call blue devils,

A weariness of all things in the world.
There is no goal in life to which to run;
There is no mark in life at which to shoot.
Man's body cannot live unless it breathe,
Nor can man's spirit when it does not pray.
This is well-known to man's inveterate foe,
Whose master-plan keeps man and God apart.

Woman God has created for His glory
With something of the tenderness of Christ.
(A fish on land is not more inefficient
Than is a woman without trust in God.)
And yet what has man done to blight God's purpose,
Urged on by woman's first malignant hater?
Woman has been degraded to vile uses,
Declared incapable of education,
Savage and sensual, even by a Plato;
By eastern sages dispossessed of soul,
Good only to be herded in a harem,
To be the toy and plaything of her lord.
Christ first proclaimed her charter of salvation.
He supped, the night in which He raised up Lazarus,
With his slave sisters in their lowly cottage.
He said that man and woman were created
To aid each other to attain God's glory.
Who has obscured and marred this heavenly message?
Obscures it still, and even dares to say
That Jesus is a myth and non-existent,
(And Pontius Pilate, then, is spectral also!)
That He belongs to man's imagination?
This bitter lie philosophy has told,
And keeps on telling in this suffering city,

At our malignant enemy's instigation.
Georg Brandes writes a book with this denial,
In Danish speech,—a version lies before me,—
And on its cover with a brow of brass,
The publishers, A. and C. Boni, state:—
*"The greatest critic of our modern times,
After a complete and a searching study,
Concludes that Jesus, as a man, ne'er lived,
But only as a legendary figure.
This Jesus-legend is shewn of a piece
With other legends, not a whit more true,
But kept alive by force of superstition,
And Christianity's so powerful system."*
This brazen work I bought upon the campus
Where students of Columbia buy their text books.
Another text, the *Classics of the West*,
Issued by this once Royal Institution,
Erected for God's glory, has no word
Of *Luther's Works* or of the *Pilgrim's Progress*.
The unwary students of the Gospel Story
Are sent to Strauss and Renan, whose denials
Of Christ's Divinity, long antiquated,
Are now as dead as the Atomic Theory!
The systematised indecency of Freud
We find is recommended. So is Malthus.
God help the nation whose instructors follow
The men who turn their backs on Christian teaching!
This groundless hatred of the Gospel history
Is the suggestion of man's bitter foe,
Who blinds, afflicts and deadens every spirit
That has no rock in Christ on which to stand.

The books that give the other side are banished,
Flouted and called old-fashioned by Christ's critics.
What of the works of Paley and of Butler?
Of Taylor—the immortal Jeremy?
Of Liddon on *Our Lord's Divinity*?
Of Browning's *Christmas Eve* and *Easter Day*?
Luther, the man who shook the Western World,
Delivering it from oriental bondage,
From woman's degradation and enslavement,
Discarded utterly, as well he may be
By all who fight against the Son of God.
The Homeric author of our Western Epic,
Which tells the story of the immortal struggle,
That man must wage before attaining Heaven,
Is also *not* included in the Seventy,
Studied by New York and Chicago students.
Bunyan (declares a leading college Head)
I find a most unmitigated bore!

We cannot be shut up to this world only,
And grow in courage, kindliness and virtue.
No plant is healthy kept from light of heaven,
Nor any soul excluded from God's vision.
Except as Christ how can we think of God?
Withdraw from man the saving light of Christ,
He has no rock on which to build his soul.
Without Him, is no steadfastness of mind,
No plodding undiscouraged to the goal.
From morn to night, our hymns to Christ should rise,
For lasting love and happiness and justice,
That come to hearts where He has been enthroned.

All those who from Him turn away their faces
Most blindly with their blessedness are striving:
The men who give their love to Christ like Luther,
Are heaven possessing while on the earth they linger,
And powerful in their influence on the race.
The fire of Luther kindles our cold spirit,
The man is human to his finger tips;
He sees the Gospel truths in their true perspective;
First truth, that binds all others,—Christ is God.
*No God will I have but the God who lay
An infant in His Virgin mother's arms,
And later died upon the cross for me.*

The man who wrote for us the *Pilgrim's Progress*
Was softer tongued, and yet not less heroic.
His hold on history was not that of Luther,
Nor could he read or write the Latin language,
He only knew his own heart and the Bible.
He stands for the awakening of the people,
Through God, the Holy Spirit, speaking to them.

When Martin Luther opened first his eyes
Upon a world that long had waited for him,
There was a boy of five years old in London,
Whose father was a lawyer and a judge,
A firm adherent of the old religion,
And sore distress by Wiclif and the Lollards,
When he was sent to live with Cardinal Morton,
The most sagacious statesman of his age,
*This child (the Cardinal said) doth wait at table,
But he will prove the marvel of the world.*

The prophecy came true as is recorded
In William Roper's *Life o' Sir Thomas More*,
Of all biographies the most soul-moving,
The most affectionate and fond and truthful.
The writer married More's loved daughter Margaret,
Who when her father went to the Tower of London
Rushed through the guard and hung upon his neck.
He wrote her with a piece of coal in prison:
*To-morrow is St. Thomas' Eve, and then
I go to God.—I never liked your manners
Better than when you kissed me last. At nine
Next morn he suffered death. The scaffold stairs
Shook 'neath his aged step. Help me, he cried,
I pray you, Master Sheriff, see me safe up,
In coming down I can shift for myself.
And to the headsman: Let me put aside
My beard that never has committed treason.*
Almost as dangerous (says Dickens) was it
To be King Henry's friend as be his wife.

Whene'er we ponder on our English History
We give God thanks for Bunyan, More and Tindale.
Not faultless men, but men of noble nature
Sent to the world to beautify and bless it,
And draw the thoughts of men to heavenly things.
All three were sufferers for their love of truth,
All three hailed death as a benign deliverer.
Their faiths were different but their practice one.
They lived for God and have long since exchanged
Their darkened prisons for His glorious light.
The world has taken little count of the legacy

More left it in his brilliant tale *Utopia*—
 His passionate Christian cry for social justice.
 'Twas given to the world in 1509;
 The first New Testament in Greek was printed
^{even years thereafter}
~~That self-same year~~ by More's ~~warm~~ friend Erasmus.
 Luther had not yet loomed on the horizon,
 But earth in chains was waiting for his coming;
 The same year saw a new King throned in England,
 Receiving from the Pope his crown imperial,
 An omen of the coming power of Cardinals,
 And of the death-fires of the Marian martyrs.

The claim to rule the world in the stead of Peter
 Has not the cogency that once it had;
 For in our days a band of earnest seekers
 Have given the world a truer word of Christ.
 Sir Thomas More believed that Christ had founded,
 When present upon earth, the Church of Rome,
 Which therefore had a right to claim pre-eminence.
 He also had been told and had believed it
 That England first of all received salvation
 From St. Augustine sent us by Pope Gregory.
 Tertullian's testimony that in Britain
 The inhabitants already had the Gospel,
 St. Patrick's work in snake-infested Ireland,
 Pelagius on the Epistle to the Romans—
 All word of these his tutors had kept from him,
 Or perhaps had never known the truth themselves.

In studying William Roper's quaint narration
 Of the acts and sayings of Sir Thomas More,

We see the savage cruelty of Henry
Against whoever crossed him in his wishes!
We see the ambitious rage of Cardinal Wolsey
Against the Emperor when he lost the Popedom.
We see that just as Fulvia hated Cicero,
And set the servile Antony against him,
So Ann Boleyn urged on her doting Henry
To dip his hands in his Lord Chancellor's blood.
An Act of Parliament made England's monarch
The Head Supreme on earth o' the Church of England,
And then a solemn oath to that effect
Was tendered More in prison by Henry's orders.
Men warned him that to incur the royal anger
Was but to court one's death. The blood of Fisher
Was hardly dry on Tower Hill. More stood his
ground;

The block again was bloody. Some have blamed him,
And said he loved not England over much.
No man loved England more, none had a heart
Filled with such tenderness toward her people.
The Emperor Charles the Fifth remarked that Henry,
In putting his grave Chancellor to death,
Had stripped his Kingdom of a richer treasure
Than any city in his whole dominion.
We read how More was so beloved by Henry
That he would walk for hours with arm around him.
And yet he dipped his hands in his friend's blood.
Frailty, thy name is man as well as woman!

The days that followed changed the face of England.
Beauty and peace departed from her shores.

Men burned their fellow men "fully persuaded
That all the Apostles would have done as they did"—
The monstrous cult of ugliness and plainness
Next cursed the island like a fell disease.
Illuminated manuscripts and pictures
Were cast into the fire. New white-washed Chapels
Were deemed more dear to God than old Cathedrals.
The Puritans and Calvinists in triumph
Changed England's churches into sightless barracks,
Where every one must worship in their manner,
Sans architecture, music or decorum.
The very crosses they took from the churches,
As being ornaments and superstitious;
They thought they could reform religion
By bitter animosity and hatred,
Claiming to be obeying God meanwhile,
Whose oracle to them was King James' Bible.

We have come back to Jesus Christ at last,
After three hundred years of bitter hatred,
After three hundred years of Calvin's logic,
Of seeking out Servetus for the flames,
And sigh now for the gardens of the past,
In which man's spirit walked and talked with God,
Gardens by frenzy of fanatics looted
Of all their lovely flowers and gay parterres.
The ichthyosaurus from the earth has vanished,
And so has mediaeval Papacy;
The primacy of Peter in the future,
Will not command its votaries, soul and body,
Will not consign to flames the unbelievers;

For Christ has risen again in His true glory,
And we behold once more His love unchanging,
Which men who claimed to follow Him perverted.
The church's walls that kept men from Salvation,
Lie flat before the trumpets of man's progress.
What do we see remaining 'mid the ruins?
The Eternal Christ! The Eternal Holy Spirit!
The Everlasting Father! And the vast
Assembly of the spirits of God's children,
Who call us to the joy they have attained!
Non nobis, Domine, sed Tibi soli:
Pleni sunt celi gloriae Tuae!
All glory, Lord, to Thee alone we give;
All Heaven and Earth Thy glory doth declare!
We love Thy walks and gardens and green trees,
And thank Thee for the humblest flower therein.

Luther saw with a child's illumination,
And not with the philosophy of men.
It seemed as if he had an open vision
Of truths that other men groped blindly for.
With a child's clear-eyed love He gave to Christ
The full allegiance of his manly heart,
Ready to die, if need be, ten times over
Rather than yield an inch to Christ's maligners.

Sir Thomas More was of a different mettle,
A follower of reason and the school-men,
The bosom friend of Colet and Erasmus,
And yet his soul is visited with visions
That lift him far above the courts of Kings,

And carry him to distant heavenly places.
He begs exemption from the royal presence
That in his garden he may talk with God.
A prisoner in the Tower, he tells his daughter,
God sets me on his lap and dandles me.
And to his wife, who begged him quit his prison,
And swear the King's supremacy, he answered,
Is not this house as nigh heaven as my own?

The Church Historian Fuller loves not More
Because he wrote so fiercely against Tindale,
Who by his enemies was burned in Flanders.
He also says More jested on the scaffold,—
"A place not to break jests, but break off jesting!"
There is a savageness in Church Reformers
Against all those who are not of their party;
We see it in the flaming words of Luther,
In Tindale's fierce indictment of all prelates,
In Dante's peopling hell with his opponents.
The hardest thing to learn is to be humble,
And loving, in our judgment of our fellows.
The fierce denunciations of the Pharisees
Were never spoken by the Son of God.
They were invented by the tyrant's servants,
Who hate and persecute the sons of men,
And therefore put their words of cruel derision
Into the mouth of Him Who taught Salvation
By love, not anger, kindness and not curses,
Nor ever said, *Depart to outer darkness,*
There to be preyed on by the undying worm.

POETICS

There is a book that with me far has travelled,
And that I often read to calm my spirit,
And keep me in the knowledge of God's love.
It came into my hands when in New Zealand,
Five years a Canterbury College student,
I dwelt in Christchurch by the river Avon.
Acquired in Cashel Street for eighteen pence,
It was a French prize in a school at Exmouth,
Inscribed *Merit   p  r Monsieur F. Acland*,
Dated and given in eighteen fifty nine.
One can imagine with what school-boy pride
Its first possessor brought it to New Zealand
With other trophies from the mother country.
'Twas bound in Paris three years ere awarded,
In brown and gold with shining gilt-edged leaves,
Its title *Harmonies par Lamartine*.
It joined the other books in Kilmore Street,
In student rooms, shared with my brother Alfred,
And when on summer days we rowed to Sumner
I slipped it in my pocket and would copy
Some lines for the coy maiden of my fancy.
I took it o'er the sea to Norfolk Island,
And read it underneath the pines and palm-trees.
From thence when I retraced my steps to England,
It went to Market Lavington in Wiltshire,
To dwell beside the tombs of my forefathers.
From which retirement it was fetched to Salisbury,
And finally to London and New York.

Much have I learned from Lamartine, whose spirit
Is never ruffled by those moods of anger
That make this world a bitter place to live in.
There is a force in gentleness and sweetness
To acquaint the soul e'en here with th' peace of heaven.
The men who bluster most are not the bravest,
Nor was Xantippe of the race called Spartan.
There are three qualities in Lamartine
That make him different from his predecessors.
The first and foremost: tenderness of feeling;
We see the heart in all its palpitations,
And hear its cry for love, pain's antidote,
Not sensual love, but love born of the spirit.
The second quality is a constant yearning
To grasp delight this world can never give.
The third is a continual aspiration
To God and Christ, and to the Holy Spirit,—
L' Esprit Divin qui fait aimer et croire.
From Church's walls for human souls too narrow,
He lifts his eyes to Him who made the heavens,
And finds the Temple wherein all may worship,
For worship is the end of man's creation.
Beneath the snows of life he sees the roses,
The happiness that follows after tears.

He would not have the passing bell to sadden
The village of his birth when he departs,
But ring a merry peal for his deliverance
From prison and from chains,—pour like the lark,
Who takes his morning flight from wind-whipped
stubble,

Pour melody to fill with silent envy
The hearts that still the thorns of life endure,
While he in heaven's dazzling light's exulting.

His *Méditations* appeared in eighteen twenty,
And nine years later, wintering in Florence,
He wrote his *Hymn to Christ* in which he utters
His deepest thought in lines of lyric splendour.
A hundred years have rolled away since then,
And hatred still is powerful on the earth.
He sang of Christ as soon to be transfigured,
And made more glorious to the eyes of men.
He does not scruple to confess His Godhead,—
Nous Te saluons Dieu, Thou art our God,—
Nor does he see a semblance of salvation
In any other name that earth has known.
The consolations for the ills we suffer
Are all the outcome of the love of Christ.
The troubled heart finds rest. All earthly joy
Fades in comparison with Heaven's peace.
The sense of life eternal brings a calm,
And makes the Christian's life a constant prayer.
God of my cradle, be my God in death!
With this apostrophe his poem ends.

We cease to pray against the Tempter's malice,
And therefore life is burdened with unrest.
Alas, the East has cast its spell upon us
And made us think that evil has no being.
In Lamartine there is no sense of combat
With foes unseen that blight the life of man.

He never throws an inkpot at the devil,
Or feels him almost standing at his coat-tails.
He seems to think that Christian life is suffering,
A resignation to the power that plagues us,
A bowing of the head to receive his lashes.
The Christ of Luther was a God victorious;
The Christ of Lamartine the Man of sorrows.

Why has the devil leave from God to tempt us?
For the ensuing glory to the sufferer,
Whose suffering brings God's presence and God's healing,
If we but lift in prayer our eyes to Him.
None can be near to God without the cross,
And therefore to ensure that we should bear it,
God has created for man's spirit tempests.

The inflicter of our suffering does not spare us,
And well he knows how to smite men to earth.
*My soul (saith one) doth cleave unto the dust;
Help me, O God, for in Thee do I trust.*

I thank my Father, with my every breath,
(Saith another) for this legacy of sorrow,
And through my tears I call to each joint-heir
With Christ, *Make haste to ask Him for thy share.*

CONCLUSION

Great truths are greatly won, the poet saith,
Not picked up in the street or in the mart,
Nor blown by summer breezes in our path.
It will not do to take for truth a Creed
And swallow it and never ask a question,
'Cause it has all been chewed and pre-digested
By holy men appointed by the Apostles.
'Tis said that one man's meat's another's poison,
And Calvin's angry God provokes our anger,
Who for no reason but predestination
Sends ten to Hell for one He sends to Heaven.
The Churches' concept of a God with favourites
In Calvin's teaching finds its consummation:
Jacob I love, but Esau have I hated
Belies the message given the world by Christ.
England with fatal self-congratulation
In Cromwell's time conceived herself as chosen
By God to punish all the other nations
For not believing in King James' Bible.
Quantum religio potuit suadere
Malorum, says Lucretius—How shocking
Beyond all others are religion's crimes!
Priests in his day atoned for sin with blood!
The struggle that Lucretius engaged in
Was one in which he took the part of woman
Against the cruel priests who sacrificed her,
As Jephtha did his daughter to Jehovah.

They still would sacrifice her and enslave her
Had not the gracious Son of God come down
In person as a Man to live among us;
To Whom we owe man's victory over vice.

Christ gives the peace that reigns in Christian homes;
The tenderness of human love that suffers
(As Christ did) with the weak and the afflicted;
The life of glory when this life is ended,
This troubled life beset by fierce temptations;
The daily grace that strengthens for the conflict,
And puts to flight the crew of those that hate us;
The hours of sweet communion after suffering
When Christ Himself appears, the Lord of glory,
As He appeared on Olivet to Peter
And James and John in His transfiguration;
The fellowship of Christian men and women,
Each seeking for the other gifts from heaven,
Each standing by the other in temptation;
The daily prayer that men may be made holy
In word and deed, as Christ would have them holy;
The upward glance for wisdom, light and guidance
To walk in love as God would have us walking;
The earnest longing to escape from darkness,
From meat and drink and constant need of cleansing
Our bodies, clothes and e'en our habitations,
To soar and sing as joyful as the skylark
When night is gone and morning has arisen,
And eastward lo, the angel campfires glisten.

Why is there such strange restlessness in men

Compared with by-gone times? Our city streets
Grow daily more congested. Surging crowds
In ceaseless movement like the Hudson tides!
Or rather like the ants in some vast ant-hill,
Each bent 'on business, and that business only
Procuring food to keep the ant-hill happy!
Is this all that mankind on earth was born for,
To labour night and day to feed the body?
Give us this day our daily bread—Nay rather,
Give us the word of Christ, give the assurance
Our souls are crying for, for we are starving,
Starving for truth, which is the worst starvation.
The devil has deprived us of Christ's teaching;
Our children may not sing the Christmas Carols,
Christ's Virgin-birth and miracles are laughed at,
The Heaven He promised is no more believed in.
No comfort left us in the Gospel Story;
E'en the sweet thought He loves us all derided
By puffed-up men who call His life a fable,
His Resurrection and Ascension nonsense,
And those who adore Him imbeciles or mad men.

Is this the product of man's evolution?
The last expression of our civilization?
To turn its thankless back upon its Maker,
To mock at prayer, and scoff at those seen praying,
Telling them God helps those who help themselves,
And that the fools "get left" as they deserve.
The fruit of this must be a bloody crisis,
When men will fight like wild-beasts in a jungle,
And womanhood be trampled underfoot.

Ere this fruit ripens, men bewitched will surely
Take stock in time of what the devil is doing;
Will have the vision of the struggle pending;
Will have from God the strength of soul to meet it,
Will drive from posts of power the hosts of darkness,
And give a voice to those in spirit Christian.

Our city men (and women more profusely)
Are revelling in gold, fur coats, and diamonds,
In dancing, dressing, drinking and divorcing,
In music that is sensual and seductive,
In literature that is diseased and filthy.
No books extolling virtue can be printed,
Because the publishers say, No one buys them.
But let an author speak against his Maker,
Proclaim that Jesus Christ is dead and buried,
Both publishers and public will reward him.

No hope have we of being recommended
By any of the leading modern journals.
Twelve years ago we found an ancient writing
That testified the Deity of Christ,
And freed Him from ecclesiastic trappings.
Its publication some fanatics hindered,
Who thought to sweep the sea back with their broom,
And counted Christ was dead and could not help.
That He has helped, this work is the assurance,
Begun, continued, ended by His grace.
We are not looking for the world's approval,
The world and this trained hand will soon be parted,
But there are many, like the violets veiling

Their eyes from man, half-hidden by the leaves,
Who from perusal of another's conflict,
May find a way life's suffering to outsoar.

The story that we named *Peregrination*
A candid friend has blamed for the self-pity,
That is a mark of children and of childhood,
From which it seems we have not yet emerged.
This friend believes the world is full of beauty,
Its forests, valleys, seas and islands lovely,
And all its women grown more independent.
Living the last three decades in two cities,
And listening to humanity's sad music,
We do not find that subways and skyscrapers
Are pleasant objects for man's contemplation.
Nor are the journals with their ghastly murder,—
New every morning, re-renewed each evening,—
Just what is best for healthy-minded children.
Crimes, crimes, and more crimes is the daily portion
Of the world-millions herded in this city.
If one dares mention Washington, or Lincoln,
There is a rabble ready to assail them,
Ready to swear their virtues cloked their vices,
And thus they fooled their simple-minded followers.
Yet Lincoln said, "Through life I have endeavoured
To plant a rose where I have found a thorn."
And Washington maintained that civic virtue
Divorced from Christianity must die.

One test remains that Christ Himself has given:
By *fruit* the nature of the tree is known.

Of Washington's emprise the fruit was Freedom,
(Alas! that Freedom should give place to License!)
This fruit was ripened with the sun's procession,
And Lincoln broke the strong chain of the slave.

Ye noble souls! Come back to us again,
In these harsh days when men grow hard and selfish,
Come back and bid us lay aside our malice,
And learn from Christ the sovereign law of love.

POSTSCRIPT

I wander lonely through the glen, and listen
To th' cat-bird's call, the mimic of his foe.
The migratory thrush holds me entranced
With notes that chain and charm the listening ear.
A marsh-frog ever and anon the silence breaks
With a weird sound like twanging of a string.
The brook has murmurs to delay my step,
Attentive to its tune, while overhead
That tropic wanderer, that minute wonder,
The humming-bird, darts by in meteor flight,
To re-appear and fan the viewless air,
As motionless as sleeping humming-top,
More bee-like far than bird-like; from my gaze
Then vanishes in air, as fairies will;
Yet leaves with me a vision for dark days.
That honied flow of melody I hear,
Is poured from out a sparrow minstrel's throat,
More sugared and more tender-sweet its tones
Than those the wood-thrush, like an evening bell,
With the same passion and the same delight,

Chimes, never wearied, o'er and o'er again.
O sylvan poets! Schooled by God Himself,
How grand the concert ye together raise!
How free from touch of our mortality!
Would that we might as joyously proclaim,
With accents as Divine, unstained by self,
The Power Benign, Who pours us light and love,
And charm of birds, preluding angel lays!
Where are the songs of man in praise of God,
Whose love doth him with constant givings bless?
Mt. Kisco,
New York.

EPILOGUE

A Certain Man Made a Supper

The heavenly feast (the Spirit saith) is spread;
The glory, grace and goodness nothing mars;
But foolish man will not lift up his head,
No, not to purchase the whole pack of stars.

Such strange acceptance of things low and base!
Such strange contempt for what the Spirit saith!
Such strange refusal of all proffered grace,
While hastening unconcernedly to death!

O Thou, Who only dost restore our sight,
Releasing us from our fell enemy,
Shine Thou upon us, Uncreated Light,
And give us hearts to love and eyes to see.

Then shall we find, our life-work to fulfil,
Increase of valour and of virtue, too,
Until we come to that celestial hill
And Christ presiding o'er the banquet view.

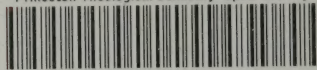
New York City,
March 23, 1928.

Corrigenda

pp. 9 and 10	For Cataline	read	Catiline
12	Dardenelles		Dardanelles
34	1553		1555
"	beach		beech
37	see		see it
46	That self-same year		Seven years thereafter and on. w.
51	<u>per</u>		<u>par</u>

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